

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH

Down Among the Tar-Heels—Tarborough—Col. Collett Leventhorpe—Wading Plymouth-Wards—Pactolus—Serenading—Retrograding—Franklin Station—Suffolk—Seige Raised—On the March—"Back to Ole Virginny Shore"—Battle of Chancellorsville—Wounding and Death of Stonewall Jackson—Speculations—On the March—Making A Call—A Useless Tramp—Yankee Vandalism.

"I felt it in me bones!" quoth Dougherty, the quaint Irishman, (there's a Paddy in almost every company of every regiment in the service) as the inevitable roll of the snare-drums, betokened the order to "assemble" with baggage, and march into Petersburg, and take the cars for an expedition into North Carolina.

Now Paddy didn't feel all this in his bones; he merely argued that because there was a violent snow storm prevailing, and the roads in the most disagreeable condition we should be ordered to march somewhere, such being the invariable experience of innumerable inclement seasons aforetime. The rule held good as above stated; and just now, for the first time I crossed the line into the land of "Tar, pitch, and turpentine" as the geographers have it.

The fact that Father and family now reside in it, caused me to note the country *en passant*, with more than common interest; but I must confess the view thus far had not excited flattering comments in my mind; and quite the reverse in the minds of my comrades, judging from their remarks. I never before saw just such a flat, arid, wretched, uncultivated region; such an absence of thrift, energy, wealth, cheerfulness—as that through which we are passing from Weldon southward.

Weldon is one of these places that everybody hears of before seeing, and when he sees, wonders how under